THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

The twilight hour! I love it well,
When golden clouds enrobe the west;
It sheds around a holy spell,
And lulls the care-worn soul to rest.
As fades the sunlight from the hill,
When sleep steals o'er the eye of day,
So, at this tranquil hour and still,
So fade my gloomy thoughts away.

Oft as returns the twilight time,
And stars beam faintly in the sky,
A spirit from a fairer clime—
A loved and lost one hovers nigh.
That angel form, I see it then,
I listen to her hallowed prayer,
And all her words of love again
Fall softly on the evening air.

When blends the night with fading day,
How sweet the twilight's soothing power!
Ye sunlit hours, glide, glide away,
And bring that happier, holier hour.
The twilight hour! I love it well,
When painted clouds enrobe the west
It sheds around a holy spell,
And bids the care-worn spirit rest.

SELF RELIANCE.

I have seen a delicate shrub whose beauty attracted the admiration of passers by. It reclined gracefully upon the lattice, where shielded from the blasts of rude winds it might receive the genial rays of the summer's sun. It was beautiful—its fragrance filled the air with sweet perfume, and time passed on and I revisited this bower; but, Oh how changed! the cold breath of untimely frost and the unmerciful blast of sudden tempests had shrouded it with sudden mourning and laid it low on the earth.

Perhaps thought I, if the beautiful plant had been early exposed to changes of temperature and subsequently received more wind and fewer supports it might have withstood even this. Thus musing, I passed on until I found myself beneath the ample umbrage of a wide-spreading forest tree which stood alone in an exposed field. Oft had it been rocked and menanced by sweeping winds, but these rude assaults only caused its roots to strike deeper and wider for support. It was a noble tree, and I could not help contrasting its proud appearance with those which occupied sheltered situations in the neighboring wood. Nature is the universal teacher, and the instruction she yields her votaries are capable of producing moral impressions more powerful and vivid than any other, and as I lingered, the playful leaves seemed to whisper, "Self reliance, self reliance," seek, cherish, practice it—and then beneath the warm sunshine of fortune, or midst the conflicting elements of passion, discord and misfortune, thou wilt be alike immovable. Self reliance is not a bigoted assumption of gifts which we have never received, but a due respect to our own judgment in preference to an undue dependence upon that of others; hence it is one of the noblest exercises of soul, and the happy few who possess it are alike removed from pride and dependence and occupy a blissful medium between the two where all the virtues cluster. A person who possesses the opposite spirit will probably never arrive at eminence in any pursuit, being retarded in his course by asking this one's advice and that one's opinion, trying sometimes one method and sometimes another, he fails to reach the high place which that talent might have won for him had it been accompanied by self reliance. He looks at all his own performances with distrust, fears to commit himself, amid conflicting opinions knows not which to adopt, and the soul gifted with reason, *parrot like*, is content to echo the thoughts of other men. This dependant spirit is often the fault of training in childhood.—Wishing his child to be obliging and submissive, the parent brings him up to distrust too much his own judgment—his school days are one continued scene of indecision and indefinite conclusions, and he enters upon life, not to add new discoveries to science, or rectify false sentiments, but to yield a heartless assent to prevailing theories.

And here allow me to say that *we ladies* are quite deficient in the exercise of this virtue; we think it not only easy but pretty for us to float with the current—reckless of consequences.—Surely it will not do for us to exercise our feeble reason, and perhaps, moreover no one of the brotherhood of man would ever dare to link his destiny with ours least we should become hopeless termagants. If we were accustomed to think and decide for ourselves in matters of importance, we should have less leisure to meditate seriously on ribbons and other splendid gewgaws; nor would our fathers and brothers think us less amiable and refined than formerly.

I care not how rich, how talented, how fortunate one may be, if he fails to cultivate self reliance, he must inevitably become the dupe of other men's opinions, the slave of circumstances, and the heir of irretrievable losses. That individual who exercises his own reason and draws his own conclusions, stands as steadfast in the war of intellect as the giant tree in a hurricane, or as the tall mountain top which elevates its summit—and amid sunshine, looks down on the tempest below. [Literary Miscellany.

MACHINERY VS. MANUAL LABOR.—A late number of the Scientific American contains some interesting particulars with regard to machinery for manufacturing garments. In New York city there are now in operation two factories, which are constantly running fifty sewing machines. These machines are driven by steam power, and turn out from ten to twenty pair of pantaloons each. They are attended by girls, and have been in operation for about a year, manufacture fine coats, every stitch except the button hole, and in a neater and stronger mauner than could be effected by hand. The profits are enormous, as one girl can sew six over coats or twenty pair of pantaloons in one day.

It is about sixty years since mechanism began to be successfully applied to the production of the necessaries or the luxuries of life, and now the labor of machinery in Great Britain alone is estimated as equivalent to that of 600,000,000 of men! The power of production has been increased an hundred fold. What will be effected then, in an increasing population, making one man do the work of one hundred, is a question which may well arrest the attention of the political economist and the philantropist. Its immediate tendency seems to be associationward, to prevent monopoly of capitalists and the poverty of the mass. Its ultimate effect in this country will be increased attention to agricultural and literary pursuits and the fine arts.

We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity and sincerity.

Marrying a woman for her beauty, is like eating a bird for its singing.

CONNECTICUT FOREVER.—We have a story to tell, and must tell it—and must tell it in our own way. The readers will please not bother us with questions.

A few days ago, a Connecticut broom-peddler—a shrewd chap, from over amongst the steady habits, and wooden clocks, and schoolmasters, and other fixins, drove through our streets, heavily ladened with corn brooms. He had called at several stores and offered his load, or even so small a portion of it; but when he told them he wanted cash and nothing else, in payment, they had uniformly given him to understand that he might go farther. At length he drove up to a large wholesale establishment on the west side, and not far from the bridge, and once more offered his "wares." "Well," said the merchant, "I want the brooms badly enough; but what will you take in pay?" This was a poser. The peddler was aching to get rid of his brooms; he despised the very sight of his brooms; but he would sooner sell a single broom for cash, than the whole load for any other article he could not as readily dispose of as he could brooms. After a moment's hesitation therefore, he screwed his courage to the sticking point—(it required some courage after having lost his chance of selling the load some half a dozen times by a similar answer)—and frankly told the merchant he must have cash. Of course the merchant protested that cash was scarce, and that he must purchase if he purchased at all, with what he had in his store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms, and he did not hesitate to say so; but the times were hard—he had notes to pay, and he had goods that must be disposed of.

Finally he would put his goods at the cost price, for the sake of trading, and would take the whole load of brooms which the pedlar had labored so unsuccessfully at other stores to dispose of. "So," said he to the man from Connecticut, "unload your brooms, and then select any articles from the store, and you shall have them at cost." The peddler scratched his head. There was an idea there, as the sequel shows plain enough. "I'll tell you what it is," he answered at last, "just say them terms for half the load, and cash for t'other half, and I'm your man. Blowed ef I don't sell out, ef Connecticut sinks with all her broom stuff, the next minute.' The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally concluded the chance a good one. He should be getting half the brooms for something that wouldn't sell as readily; and as for the cost price it was an easy matter to play gammon in regard to it. The bargain was struck; the brooms were brought in. The cash for half was paid over. "Now what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant. The peddler scratched his head again, and this time more vigorously. He walked the floor—whistled—drummed with his fingers on the head of a barrel. By and by his reply came—slowly and deliberately: "You Providence fellers are cute; you sell *at cost*, pretty much all of ye, *and make money*. I don't see how 'tis done. It must be that somebody gets the worst of it. Now I don't know what your goods cost *barrin'* one *article* and ef I take anything else, I may get cheated. So, secin' as it won't make any odds with you, I guess I'll take the *brooms*. I *know* them like a book, and can swear to what you paid for 'em."

And so saying the pedlar commenced reloading his brooms, and having snugly deposited half of his former load, jumped on his cart, with a regular Connecticut grin, and while the merchant was cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove in search of another customer. [Providence Post.

WOOD LANDS AND FIELDS.—We need a more appropriate division of farms as regards wood lands and cultivated fields, and a better adaptation of the various portions to those purposed most consistent with the nature of the soil and general appearance of the country. This is a matter which receives but little attention from farmers. An indiscriminate destruction of forest trees has been made in many instances when the land was first occupied and a new growth has not been allowed to take its place. The consequence is that much land which would have produced trees, and nothing but trees—as the rocky points of hills, barren knolls, the sides of gullies—has been left naked, and the soil, having nothing to hold its particles together has been washed to sterility. Another injury which has ensued from this destruction of trees is the greater exposure of many situations to the force of the winds. In this climate, subject as it is to extreme heat and cold, trees are important as a means of shelter.

A border of trees even of not more than a rod in width, on the north and west sides of fields, will produce a very favorable effect in breaking off the cold blasts. This is particularly required on hill and mountain pastures, and also open champaign districts, like the western prairies.—There should also be trees in proper places for shade, as animals exposed to the full blaze of our intense summer sun, suffer greatly from its effects.

All steep hill-sides, gorges and gullies, sho'd be left in trees, or planted with them. These spots, left bald and unproductive, give an unpleasant aspect to the landscape; but clothed with trees they impart a picturesque beauty and interest to the scenery. It would not be difficult to cover these places with trees, by planting the sugar maple, elm, ash, oak, chesnut and some evergreens, as the cedar, hemlock and pine, to fill up the plantation. All these would become valuable, either as timber or fuel. It would be necessary to keep stock away from them till they have attained such size as not to be injured by browsing. [Alb. Cult.

TEA IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.—A gentleman has recently arrived in Charleston, who has spent many years in the East, actively engaged in the culture of tea, coffee, &c., and the object of whose visit to the United States is to ascertain the capabilities of the southern Atlantic states for the cultivation of this now indispensable article of daily consumption. The result of his researches tends to coroborate the assertion of Junius Smith, that tea can be grown in Carolina as well, and probably better than in China itself. Mr. Bonynge, the person referred to, is satisfied that the soil and climate of the southern States are eminently adapted to the successful culture of the tea plant, and that it would require far less care and labor to bring it to perfection there than is necessary in the finest tea-growing countries of the East. He is satisfied also that coffee and indigo will be found to flourish in the southern latitudes. [Free Press.

Be observing, if you would acquire knowledge.

CURING HAY AND GRAIN.—As the season of the year for harvesting is upon us, and as there are different methods of curing hay and grain, I deem it a great satisfaction to throw out a few hints through the columns of your valuable paper, which I have proved to be the very best methods I think that can be adopted for curing hay and grain. I cut down the grass in swath, leaving it lying until it is withered on the top, then turn it around and spread carefully, and when about half dry, cock it up, and let it remain about 18 hours, and I can vouch for it that it will retain more nutriment, and have more of the quality of the grass than if left to burn and scorch under the usual method; for if hay be properly made it should have the same qualities of sustenance as the grass itself, for the proper curing of an herb ought not to destroy its nutritive qualities; consequently, my method of curing hay, I think, can be done without any more work or risk than is usual in the common way; for instance, say we commence cutting grass in the morning, with fair weather; about 3 o'clock the same day you can turn your grass and let it remain exposed to the rays of the sun for several hours, then cock it, and the next afternoon it will be fit for drawing to the barn; if not, dry one cock the second day, let it remain over to the third, for what we gain in the superior quality of the hay will sufficiently pay the extra labor and time to cure it. By this process it under goes a smothering process instead of a burning one.

My method of curing grain is to cut it down as soon as the kernel is free from softness; bind it up and stand it in stacks of about twelve sheaves, then let it remain about three or four days, and it is ready for drawing in. Some let their wheat remain on stalk before cutting until the stem is dry and the kernel hard and rusty, which gives the flour a rough and dry consistency, and renders it unfit for "extra" sale, which is not the result of flour made from wheat cured on the above plan. I give these few hints on curing grass and grain, hoping that some of my agricultural friends will experiment on them.

[Philadelphia Dol. Newspaper.

DEEP PLOUGHING.—As the subject of deep ploughing is much discussed at present, I send a few thoughts on the subject. Many who heretofore have ploughed only from four to six inches deep, who never have raised above an average crop, who hearing of the success of some of our best farmers, which is the result of a judicious rotation of crops and deep ploughing combined, have this season commenced ploughing from eleven to twelve inches deep, expecting thereby largely to increase the yield, immediately. That many will be disappointed will not be surprising. Undoubtedly it will answer well on some soils to turn up five or six inches of subsoil at first, but it will not answer on opening land. Generally on such land we must go down gradually, say from one to two inches deeper at each ploughing, until we arrive at the desired depth. The true philosophy of ploughing is, to vary the depth according to the character of the subsoil. People generally are awakening on the subject of improvement in this part, and those who scratch only an inch or two of the surface earth are somewhat scattering. Still, there are some who have kept on year after year, for 12 or 15 years, ploughing their land without once seeding down. I suppose they intend to wear out their land and then "emigrate." [Cor. Mich. Farmer.

John Randolph was a man of eccentric genius, and often by the quaintness of a sentence or a question, left upon his hearers an impression never to be forgotten. It is related of him that at one time he took an old favorite negro servant of his upon one of the highest peaks of the Blue ridge and after becoming filled with the sublimity of the scene, he turned around to his slave and addressed him thus "Ho; Bob!"—The negro turned towards his master, who added in a slow and solemn tone, "Bob, if any one, after this, says there is no God, tell him John Randolph says he lies.

A young lady, who perhaps, is better acquainted with French than farming, was recently married to a farmer. In examining her new domains, she one day visited the barn, when she thus interrogated her milk-maid, "By-the-bye, which of these cows is it that gives the buttermilk?"

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance—and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity.

We would gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

Those who undertake to imitate us, we like much better than those who attempt to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of envy.

Always be good natured, if you can; a few drops of oil, will do more to start the most stubborn machinery than rivers of vinegar.

We can be truly happy but in proportion as we are the instruments of promoting the happiness of others.

The want of goods is easily repaired; the poverty of soul is irreparable.

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